

Out in the rain

by Chromina

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Summary: One could find a lot while stuck in the rain, and a certain Scottish princess couldn't agree more.

1. Losing something only to gain something

The rain was harder today, harder than usual, and it drenches her down to the bone. her hair is at it's darkest shade with the water, despite the fact that her hood was up the entire time. Mud began to cake up her shoes, and god knows what her mother would think if she saw the state or her dress. Of course, she doesn't mind though, dresses weren't always that important to her to begin with- especially not now. Besides, the dress itself wasn't all that expensive. Or, she hoped it wasn't. Her mother would probably have her arse for this, if it didn't freeze off first. Despite the shivers she's getting from the cold and terribly unwelcoming rain, she continues on, staying under the trees as much as possible to try and hide away from the rain. Though, to be honest, it seems that doing that only made her situation worse, with more water coming her way and the danger of tripping face first into the mud. And that didn't sound all to fun, in her own opinion. Could her day get any better?

The scottish princess mumbled under her breath, something to do with "dumb 'ole wisp" and the undeniable worrying of her parents- and maybe even her brothers, that was accompanied with a sigh, "gracefully" dodging another branch. Occasionally, she had to dump out her quiver, taking her soaking arrows out before dumping the collected water on a nearby plant, mumbling about one thing or another as if she was speaking to somebody. At one point she stopped, sighing as she looked out at the endless amount of trees, rocks, trees, trees and more trees. Everything looked exactly the same, really, and it sort of scared her. Not the fact that she was lost, not the fact that anything could be out here, but the fact that she had no idea where she was. With all the time she spent out in the depths of the forest when she hid out from her mother of just had

time to be herself, you'd think that she'd pretty much have the placed mapped out. But the Highlands was a large piece of land, and she was certain not many people could scour the entire thing.

Point proven by her current situation.

Where had these wisp lead her? And why in the world, for whatever reason, would they lead her out here- where she had no idea where left ended and right began. There must've been some comprehensible reason- there was always a reason- and she just couldn't see it, Or not yet. Then again, at this point, she'd be pretty shocked if she survived to see it, for she was fairly certain she might die out here. She had lost Angus while following them- on accident, of course- sometime ago, and occasionally she thinks she could hear his whines for her, calling out her name pleadingly. But wherever she could hear him, she could most definitely see him, and she hasn't seen him since the sun was still out. Now the moon shone through the raining clouds, mocking her as she walked on.

Yeah, she's been out here, alone, for that long.

She rejoiced silently as she found some sort of dry spot- an awkward combination of rocks to form some sort of, cave-like thing?- and rested her aching feet, relaxing against the cool dry surface of the rocks and she thanked god for one dry area in this storm.

it wasn't long until the wisp came.

The single blue flame hovered in the darkness below her feet, inches away from her makeshift dry oasis and back into the cold, stormy atmosphere. The rain made it have a similar color to her eyes, it's arm-like flames beckoning her to follow while it whispered her name in an eerie, yet mystical sort of way. The First born princess scowled at it, her bright aruba eyes sharp and glaring at the little bugger. No way was she getting lost again because of them. Now while she had a say in it.

"Oh, oh, Nu-uh, it was ye who got me intae thes mess in th' first place. Whit makes ye 'hink eh'd trust yer blue selfs noow?"

As soon as the accented words came shooting out of her mouth like her own arrows, one became two, two became four, four became six, and before she knew it- a whole line of the little things ran into the forest, lighting a way for her to follow. Each little flame whispered her name, insisting she'd venture back into the pouring rain, walking endlessly into the glen. Well, ha, no thank you- she was fine staying here till morning, where it was nice and dry. Then again, who says the storm will pass by morning? What if it keeps on? She wasn't too sure herself, but at least she could see better in the morning.

But alas, they kept bugging her, ebbing her on until one appeared next to her feet, as if it was trying to pull her out while not touching her. She tried to ignore them- oh, she really did- but after a while enough is enough, you know? Besides, the rain seemed to lighten up a little bit, so maybe it wouldn't hurt...

She knew she was going to go with them anyways.

Standing up, the princess dusted herself off before begrudgingly, and maybe almost unwillingly, following the blue little devils, flinching

when she came back in contact with the cold rain. Oh, how she wonderfully missed it's cold, unforgiving sheets it brought upon to her chilled skin. Thank lord it wasn't as bad as it was earlier. She wanted to complain a bit, so badly, even if it was under her breath- but she didn't, and continued to follow the disappearing lights as each one went out with each one she reached. The rain was in a very on and off mood tonight, it switching from light drops to heavy sheets, drenching the princess yet again either way. Luckily she could see better now, the flames actually being an ok light source.

It was awhile before she had reached the last and final light, her name that she was so accustomed to hearing disappearing with the wisp. But it wasn't long until she heard her name being called once more by it's mysterious voice, causing her to look up just to hear... a low rumble? Maybe a growling of sorts? Well, it didn't sound like any sort of threatening growl, more like a plea for help really. Another wisp appeared to her right, and what she saw behind it made her as still as the trees around her, yet making her bones shake in fear. For what the princess saw was something she'd thought she'd never live to see.

From what little light she had, she could see a big mass of pitch black scales, almost the- if not the exact- size of the demon bear Mor'du. She would've thought it was him too, the lighting in the area was pretty bad so anybody could mistake it for the demon bear, until she had the sudden realization that Mor'du was dead... right? Well, he did die, didn't he? Her mother killed him- or the rock she moved did- that night not too long ago. Everybody saw it, the whole kingdom was practically there (figuratively and possibly literally speaking; besides, Mor'du was covered in fur, not scales), so then... what was this? This caused the girl to tilt her head a bit and scrunch her face in slight confusion, and so she could make out it's shape, approaching the beast at a cautious snails pace. As she got closer, she could make out a pair of big, black wings, each of them almost the size of the thing itself, or so she had guessed, and even then she was nowhere near arms reach. The wisp followed her, never disappearing and acting like a small light source, as if the thing wanted her to investigate. Despite her wet state and the fact that she was completely lost, it couldn't hurt to take a closer peek could she? Could... could it be what she thought it was? These beast haven't been spotted this far south in a long, long, time- but if they were here before, they could return, right?

Right?

The rain was so loud at that point, that she barely heard the boy's voice the first time. The second time around, on the other hand, she heard him nice and clear- and so did the beast apparently.

"To-Toothless?"

As the beast began to move, groaning as it did so, the princess hid almost immediately, the sound of the rain muffling the sounds the moving of bush branches. She managed to stay as silent as she possibly could, not even daring to breath as the reptile turned it's head in her direction. It's green yellow eyes stood out in the dark and dim forest, they looking more curious than menacing.

That being said, they still looked pretty frightening to her.

Again, the boy called out from wherever he was, and he sounded almost as cold as she was. The rain at this point had lightened up, so it wasn't that overpowering. His voice was too deep to be a kids, but it didn't belong to any man either, and full of worry. What made it worse though, was that it sounded like he wasn't from around these parts of the highlands, or any part of the highlands for that matter.

His worried and alert tone was replaced with relief once his-freind?- replied with a growl, while the boy was still fairly worried though, indicating that he was indeed alive. Not in the best predicament, but alive. As the sounds of rustled leaves and the moving of plant life began getting closer and closer, the black beast looked back to the princess direction for a moment before looking back to where the boy's voice came, slowly rising and walking in that general direction. The red headed onlooker didn't dare move, for fearing even the slightest noise could give her away, despite the fact that she might've already been spotted, and continued to watch in front of her until the mass of shiny black scales was gone.

This giant reptile had a friend, did he? And she didn't mean like another one of him, no, but like a human friend? The Animal was a legend at most, so a human actually befriending one was practically unreal. Also, last time she had heard, they weren't very tameable creatures to begin with- obviously she was wrong,

Very, very wrong.

She knew she needed to go, that she couldn't stay for much longer, couldn't follow, but she was just.. too curious. The princess isn't too known for being all that curious, really, but who wouldn't be at this point? She was looking at the first dragon to stumble upon the Highlands for decades, probably centuries, and she was about to see the first person who had the guts to tame one. She wanted to know, for herself, who he was- who they were.

Of course, she never did get the chance to see them.

But that doesn't mean she forgot about the encounter once she finally returned home, if the wisps took all night to lead her there, then there's a good chance that she might see them soon.

* * *

><p>Heey it's chapter one 2.0<p>

So i've decided I'm gonna go on the long run with this one, and might aswell with this being the first fanfiction i've technically written. Go big or go home right?

Going to try and get a chapter every day unless said otherwise, and before i forget- if anybody want to beta read this for me, send me a pm or an ask on tumblr and i'd love you for life. And if you see any mistakes of things i need to recheck, lemme know- especially when it's historically/geographic(?)ly speaking. I've never been t the highlands and i'm guessing brave takes place during early medieval scotland? I've googled it about 5 million times but if if can correct me, please do.

Being a history nerd myself, i like to be historically accurate.

So yup, thanks for the follows and favorite and reviews so far, and i hope you'll be keeping out for the next chapter!

Also shoutout to mhl0anthony for actually motivating me to get this done with that uplifting review(And i thank you for the compliments on my scenery describing skills!). A good example of what one review can do, ya know.

2. Announcement (AN)

I'm an ass

An ass who's been royally fucked.

I never actually came up with a plot for this- well i did, but it wasn't as developed as it needed to be because i'm dumb- and i wanted to apologize for putting up anything without proper planning. At the moment- i promise you i literally have a tab open with my outline- im working on a plot outline and if i dont have a new chapter up by the end of next week at the latest, you all all free to kick me.

This story is going to happen, it will, i just need to clean up my mess i've made for myself first.

End
file.